BRITISH MUSEUM

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter, ſolus.

NOw is the winter of our diſcontent,
Made glorious ſummer by this ſonne of Yorke
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments,
Our ſterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull meaſures.
Grim-viſagde warre, hath ſmoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in ſtead of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries.
He capers Nimblie in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſhapte for ſportiue trickes,
Not made to court an amorous looking glaſſe,
I that am rudely ſtampt & want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinißht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world ſcarce half made vp.
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore ſince I cannot prooue a louer
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dates,